12.

A PANEGYRICK UPON OATES

SILVESTREM TENUI *MUSAM* MEDITEMUR AVENA.

OF all the *Grain* our Nation yield's
In Orchards, Gardens, or in Fields,
There is a *Grain*, (which tho 'tis common)
Its *Worth* till now, was known to no man
Not *Ceres* Sicle 'ere did *Crop*,
A *Grain* with *Ears* of greater hope;
For why? some say, the Earth n'ere bore
In any Clime, such *Seed* before.
Yet this *Grain* has (as all must own)
To *Grooms* and *Ostlers* well bin *known*;
And often has, without disdain,
In *Musty Barn* and *Manger* layn;
As if it had bin only good
To be for *Birds* and *Beasts* the Food:
But now by new inspired force
It keeps alive both *Man* and *Horse*
Speak then, my Muse, for now we guess,
What *Grain* it is, thou wouldst express.
It is not Barley, Rye, or Wheat,
That can pretend to such a Feat;
'Tis *Oates*, *bare Oates*, which is become
The *Health* of *England*, *Bane* of *Rome*,
And *Wonder* of all *Christendom*.

And therefore *Oates* has well deserv'd,
From *Musty Barn* to be *prefer'd*;
And now in *Royal Court prefer'd*;
That, like *Hesperian Fruit*, *Oates* may
Be *watch'd* and *Garded* night and Day;
Which is but just Retaliation
For having *Guarded* a whole Nation.
Hence every lofty Plant which stands
'Twixt *Barwick Wals* and *Dover Sands*,
The *Oake* it self, which well we stile
The Pride and safe-guard of our Isle,
Must *Wave* and *Strike* its lofty Head,
And now Salute an *Oaten Reed*:
For surely *Oates* deserves to be
Exalted far 'bove any *Tree*.
Th' *Egyptians* once (tho' it seems odd)
Did worship *Onyons* for a *God*;
And poor *peel'd Garlick* was with them
Esteem'd beyond the greatest *Gemm*. (ye
What would they 'done, had they, think
Had such a *Blade* of *Oates* as we?
Oates of such known *Divinity*!
Since then by *Oates* such *good* we find,

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Let *Oates* at leaſt now be *enſhrin'd*,
Or in ſome ſacred *Preſs* enclos'd
Be only kept to be *expos'd*;
And all fond *Reliques* elſe, ſhall be
Deem'd *Objects* of *Idolatry*.
Popelings may tell us, how they ſaw
Their *Garnet's Picture* on a *Straw*;
'Twas a *Great* miracle we know
To ſee him *drawn* in *little* ſo,
But on an *Oaten Stalk*, there is
A greater *miracle* than this,
A *Viſage*, which with *lively Grace*
Does Twenty *Garnets* now *Out-face*,
And like *Twig* of *Dodona's Grove*
Ev'en *ſpeak's* as if *inſpir'd* by *Jove*.
Nay, to add to the Wonder more,
Declares *unheard-of* Things before,
And Thouſand *myſteries* does unfold,
As *plain* as *Oracles* of old;
By which we *ſteer* affaires of State,
And *ſtave* off *Britain's* fullen Fate.

Let's then, in honour of the name
Of *Oates enakt* ſome *Solemn Game*,
Where *Oaten Pipe* ſhall us inſpire
Beyond the *Charms* of *Orpheus Lyre*;
Stones, *Stocks* and every *Senceleſs thing*
To *Oates* ſhall *dance*, to *Oates* ſhall *ſing*.
Whilſt *Woods amaz'd* to th' Ecchos ring.
And as (that Hero's names may not
When they are rotten; be forgot)
We *hang Atchievements* o're their Duſt;
(A debt to their great merits juſt:)
So if *Deſerts* of *Oates* we prize,
Let *Oates* ſtill *hang* before our eyes;
Thereby to raiſe our Contemplation,
Oates being to this *Happy* Nation
The *Myſtic Emblems* of *Salvation*.

FINIS.